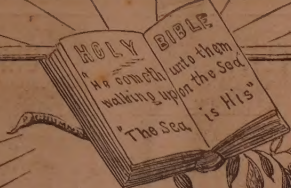


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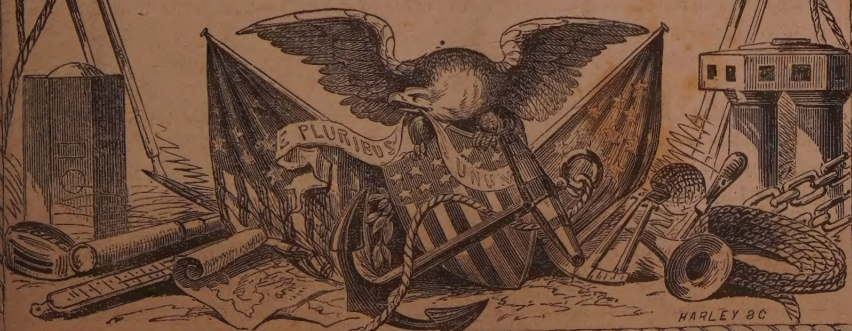


THE
SAILORS' MAGAZINE,
—and—
SEAMEN'S FRIEND



OCTOBER, 1866.

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers, \$1 a year in advance. To any one who will send us \$5 for five subscribers, a sixth copy will be sent gratis. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, upon an annual request for the same. POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States: *twelve cents a year.*

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This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and other facts relative to Sea Libraries or Missions.

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It will also be furnished as a *four* page tract adapted to Seamen, and for gratuitous distribution among them at 30 cents per 100.

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Vol. 39.

OCTOBER, 1866.

No. 2.

THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH TOWARD THE MEN OF THE SEA.
AN ANNIVERSARY DISCOURSE.*

BY REV. N. J. BURTON, HARTFORD, CONN.

Anniversaries in behalf of societies for seamen, and appeals all the year long by press and pulpit, are founded, of course, on the idea that the Church is under some sort of obligation to do a Christian work among the millions of the sea, and may reasonably be expected to have and support some conscience on the subject; and I wish now to recount some of the reasons why Christian people should accept this work by the side of and upon all waters, as one of their great departments of labor, and should give it even more consideration than they have ever yet done.

The subject lies within a small compass, at least as much of it as is entirely pertinent to an anniversary occasion, and includes only a few general particulars, so that what there is to be said on it is always exceedingly apt to be said whensoever we assemble to agitate the religious necessities and claims of sailors; and I, therefore, shall hardly do more than hold up be-

fore you anew the venerable and well-worn common-places of the matter, being perfectly satisfied if I succeed in recalling with some freshness, and as if by a new conception, those things which you already know and admit.

And in the first place, I ask you to remember what an excellent stroke of economy it is, looking at it on the temporal and earthly side merely, to just evangelize, as rapidly as we can, the whole seafaring class. I wish I could stand for a moment in the midst of the gathered commercial masses of Christendom, and have their ear, and their candid common sense, long enough to set this matter out just as it is. Why, friends, it is so much for the secular interest of commerce that this Christian aggression and evangelism, which this and other societies are trying to support, should be supported and pushed on, might and main, till there is not a downright wicked sailor afloat any where, nor infesting any port, that it would be

* Delivered before the American Seamen's Friend Society, and subsequently before the Boston Seamen's Friend Society.

only fair, and a thing of simple decency as you might say, if the men of commerce, and all those who are enriched by commerce with foreign nations, should keep the treasuries of the different seamen's societies full, so that there should be no need to call upon the Church, as a church, for a penny.

The truth is, we are running all these benevolent institutions which the Church has in charge, in the interest of money, for the increase of private and public wealth, to build up every kind of material prosperity; and wealth ought to be grateful to us, and not feel itself tormented and be gruff when we come around for the annual donation to this and that. I would not excuse the Church from incessant labor and incessant charities; but I never could see why a rich sinner in my congregation should not pay as much to support the minister, and sustain city missions and temperance societies, and home missionary societies, and seamen's societies, and freedmen's societies, and a dozen more, as any church member. How would it look in a bad storm at sea, if some independent gentleman on board should refuse help to work the pumps, on the ground that he was not a professing christian, and did not belong to the church? How would it look if, when the nation is staggering to and fro, and catching at every support to save herself from going headlong into chaos, some crank son of folly should decline to shoulder his gun or to give his money because he had not taken the oath of citizenship, or because he was not pious? Pious or not, he would be drowned as badly as any of us if the nation sunk. And we who fight are fighting for him just as truly as we are fighting for ourselves; and he ought to pay a tax in some shape

for the privilege of being kept alive and prosperous in a decent country.— Well, this world is a ship, and we are all in it, and we are on a turmoiling great sea, and all godly men are pumping; and the American Board, and the American Missionary Association, and the Home Missionary Associations, and the Seamen's Societies, and so on, are the pumps; and the case stands—sink or swim, a bad world or a good world. Government, laws, arts, literature, gentility, security, money-making, thrift, and luxury; or, on the other hand, a society and general state of things where all is low and unsafe, and full of ill omens. And the case stands thus for non-professing men as much as for saints, and if they do not take hold and pump with the rest of us, they ought to be thrown overboard. The vessel floats with sufficient difficulty, without being freighted down with these unperforming passengers, and their loads of gold and silver.

But whatever they do, or fail to do, the church has her duty, and must meet it. And although it is not the highest and most thrilling of motives for her to be moved by, still she has a right undoubtedly, among other things, to remember, as regards the men of the sea, that the nobler and more christian they are, the more bountifully will they contribute to the wealth of mankind. And if we have sailors at all for the sake of wealth, as we do, then surely we ought to make the most out of them that we can; and the way to make the most out of any class of men, is to make the men just as large and manlike as possible.

And that is something which it takes some people a very long time to comprehend. Why, there are millions of men even yet in this land who do

not know, and will not believe, that the labor of freemen is more productive than the labor of slaves. And there are more millions in this land, a good many more, who cannot see any reason in political economy why a slave class once set free, should be pushed up with all speed into the full stature of manhood. A belt of Slave States and a belt of Free States have stretched along by the side of each other across the breadth of this country for generations past, and the visible difference between the two sorts has been almost as great and undeniable as the difference between the Garden of Eden before the curse, and the Garden of Eden after the curse; on one side negroes digging with clumsy hoes of several pounds weight, or lolling along, carting dirt in baskets on the top of their head; and on the other side, steam plows, steam draft, steam saws, steam mills, and busy multitudes of live men, made of steam and steel. Nevertheless, those obstinate blind millions of unbelievers just named were not convinced, and are not convinced, and seem religiously resolved never to be convinced, that you cannot degrade the laborer without taking money out of your own pocket, and diminishing the treasury of the nation, and putting a blight upon the very ground under your feet.

And look at England, also. How slow she is to learn the same thing! She seems afraid that her millions will be men; that they will know something, and discuss questions, and get culture, and individuality, and self-dependence; and it took all the eloquence of her great Gladstone, backed by others of kindred power and universal fame, to get the other day in the full House of Commons, six or seven hundred strong, a paltry ma-

jority of five persons in favor of the meek and meagre proposition that the privilege of voting should be granted to so many of the poorer classes as should swell the voting population to, I believe, one-fifth of the adult men of the empire; as though the prosperity and glory of a commonwealth did not lie in the developed and free manhood of its men; and as though men would be men, full-grown and effective, when they are hemmed in by statutes of limitation, and treated like children.

I tell you, if you want to get rich, and if you want your country to get rich—the richest—and if you want to be a nation to the glory of God and the delight of mankind, you must not have in all your borders any abject or underling class, whether black or white, foreign or native. You must have universal liberty, universal citizenship, universal education, and universal opportunities, political, social, and religious.

And these remarks apply in substance to the case of sailors. The better the sailor the better his work, and the more it is worth to all concerned.

And do you ask how? Well, look at the one item of intemperance, against which, as one of their specialties of operation, these seamen's societies set themselves. The great and wide sea is full of men, and ships, and treasure, sent to the bottom by intoxicated or half intoxicated men. And every day, somewhere on the infinite waters, some ship is run ashore, or mismanaged in a storm, or misnavigated somehow, through the agency of these abominable stimulants. And if we should count all the accidents brought to pass in that way, and to that add all the tardy and wasteful voyages, made tardy and so wasteful

by the same cause, we should find that the sea losses by intemperance alone are so enormous and perpetual that the merchants of the world could afford, and would find it immensely profitable, to give gifts to the extent of millions upon millions each year to those gospel organizations which propose, and by the blessing of God are able, gradually to convert *to* Christ, and *from* rum, the sailors that swarm the ocean.

Then again, a Christian sailor does all the duty of his vocation as unto the Lord; and when a person works *for the Lord*, he takes hold with a certain earnestness, and persistence, and intelligence, and eternal faithfulness impossible to him who operates on a more mercenary and hireling motive. So that, taking all things together, we may very well exhort the Christian Church to support God's work on the sea, in view of the temporalities involved.

My friends, it is implied in what has been said already, that sailors are of some service to us all; but I wish now, in a little more direct and formal way, and a little more at large, to call your attention to the very great and various service which they are rendering to us all, to the country that we love, and to all the nations of the earth in fact. A very large consideration, and one inclusive of so many particulars, that I scarcely know at what point to strike into it, and what to omit and what to say.

But, speaking of our own country, shall I omit to mention first of all the striking part which *our* sailors took in that great war of freedom here, whose blood the rains of heaven have not yet washed away, and whose cannon of victory still reverberate among our hills? With what a line of fire those sturdy war-dogs defended our almost

endless sea-coast. How they shook the sea at Hatteras, Roanoke, Port Royal, Mobile, New Orleans, and Wilmington! With what immortal valor, quenched only as they went down in death—ship, guns, and all—they fought the fight of Hampton Roads! And how the whole length of our great inland river is dotted, and adorned, and glorified by the monuments of their devotion, and the testimonials of their renown. Time would fail us to recall even their chief deeds during those fierce four years. They did their part, and did it well. They took ships the like of which no sailor ever saw before, and they took unprecedented great guns upon which our fathers would have looked with amazement, and with these unaccustomed things they drove down into the jaws of death, blazing and thundering, and shouting the battle cries of the Republic. And, what is very noteworthy, they did not in any single instance permit the flag over them to go down in dishonor.—Not once. It went down at times. The storms sunk it, rebel cannon shot it away, and it fell; but it fell always unstained and bright as ever. It waved once over a violation of international law, I believe, when Wilkes caught Mason and Slidell between here and the West Indies, but the flag did not get very dirty by that crime, and it was more than made clean again when Winslow sunk the Alabama in the Straits of Dover for the entertainment of England and France. And so they went on, these valiant and faithful men, wakening oceans, rivers, and ports of treason with their echoing guns, until bright peace came, and they moored their war ships and rested from their labors, and out of their honorable hosts sent up a few great and overtopping names

as candidates for the applause of mankind, and for a radiant height in history, asking that, side by side with Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and a few of the land, may stand for evermore the forms of Foote and Farragut, and a few, the giants of the sea.

And when I recall these exploits and these services of sacrifice, so honorable in themselves, and so mighty in their influence upon the destinies of the nation, I feel myself pledged to our sailors, and engaged to their interests by a new bond. Yea, I am willing for their sake to take up the cause of all men who go down to the sea in ships. And now that we are settling into the new era of peace, and our days of excessive expenditure are over, and since, despite all war debts, we are sure to grow rich again in time if we behave ourselves, it would be a seemly thing, not to say a thing of simple justice, if we should turn some of our earnings in these better days into the hands of those who on field and flood bought these days for us. Let us give books, tracts, preachers, bethels, and the whole apparatus of the Christian religion, to these men who are always ready at a moment's call to go out and fight for us, and suffer for us, and die for us.

But this war work of theirs was a special and temporary thing, and I hope they will never be called to any more of it.

Let me mention, then, certain works which they are always at, good deeds and offices of benefit, which are considerable enough and indisputable enough to bear reiteration about as often as we assemble in honor of this great cause.

Set it down then, please, as one of the services rendered by the seafaring class, that they furnish us a large part of our physical supplies. Through

them we put the whole width of the globe under tribute to our necessity and our luxury; all the infinite growths of the land, and all living things that populate the sea; all animals, fruits, minerals, manufactures, arts; yes, the total yield of climates, soils, rocks, waters, and human industries under the whole heaven, are ours by virtue of the mediation and million-handed busy service of these men.

And it is to be noticed that while they bring in they carry out, and thus support the eternal circulation of the many-peopled globe. And this circulation, this incessant to and fro of the earth's products in universal trade, means more, and has a great deal more to do with all the temporal interests of nations, than half of those benefitted by it know. This is scarcely the place, perhaps, in which to run the matter out into all its ramifications, and we should not have time for it if we tried, so that I will only say that trade makes national wealth immensely. Trade amounts to a vast distribution of labor. It sets each people on the face of the earth producing just those things which, by reason of their specialty of climate and location, they can best produce, and then, by interchange, give all men the benefit of it. As the best watches are made by assigning one part to one workman, and another part to another, thus concentrating and perfecting skill, and beside that turning out the finished mechanism, the complete watch, much more rapidly and cheaply than would be at all possible did one workman undertake the whole; and, as in the case of a nation, this one for example, the richest results are secured by assigning manufactures to New England, and grain-growing to the West, and

cotton-planting to the South, and mineral yields to the outmost West, instead of trying to do everything in New England, and everything at the South, and everything everywhere else; so, on a larger scale, let England and France and Italy, and all the rest, converge their whole power, and capital, and craft of both hand and head to those works of whatever sort that comport best with the physical advantages and the genius of each one, and then let each trade off its good things with all the others, England furnishing her part of the watch, and America her part, and all the rest something, and thus the world, taken as a whole will reach the richest result—the best watch—the most wealth, and an ever-increasing approximation to the final condition which we long for.

Well, if sailors labor in the interest of general trade, and if they bring in goods, it is true, also, in the case of the United States at all events, that they bring in men; Irish Germans, Swedes, Russians, Chinese, no matter what, they bring them all. An almost universal, and certainly an indiscriminate exodus of human tribes and families they support, and nothing comes amiss. "Step aboard, pay your fare, and keep the peace, and we will ferry you over to the New World," say they. And thus the glut of the human market in the older East, becomes the blessing of the more open and spacious West.—And these human cargoes, though not always so wholesome and agreeable as certain other freights—silks, spices, and the diverse rare fabrics and toothsome fertilities of the ancient lands beyond the sea—are undeniably worth as much as any of them. We want men on this new continent. It is not half occupied yet. Even before the

war, we had vast interior areas which were perfectly open, and on which we should have been glad to colonize the whole human yield of Christendom for years and years to come. And since the war, and by force of the war, we have laid open to civilization and the immigration of the world another wide-stretching area, into which we did not know once that we should ever get with white men and white ideas. But we have broken in, we have crushed our way through; we have given a bad blow to the old plantation system; we have inaugurated the era of small farms, and free farmers, and thorough tillage down there. We have laid our dead in that soil as a sort of retainer upon the land, and as the forerunners of a peaceful host of living men just like them; and now, unless our leaders in the Government are smitten with some excessive folly, and are brought under the force of delusions and demoralizations, from which these last four grand years ought to have emancipated them a dozen of times; and unless the great body of our people shall decline from their martial heroism and self-sacrifice into an era of uncommon selfishness and incapacity, we shall be able to invite the people of other lands to come, in just such masses and hurrying millions as they please, and throng down all southward lines of travel, sheltered everywhere by the Federal flag; setting up their worship, speaking their minds, printing their newspapers, and carrying through all that haunt of darkness the swarthy energies, the boundless craft, pluck, originality, and industry of freedom.

And we could well afford to give our sailors so much a hundred—a handsome sum—to bring these people over, and pay them in seamen's cha-

pels, hospitals, missionaries, libraries, &c.

New England has done a very great work in turning out men to found new States and plant institutions, but there is some limit to the fecundity even of New England. She has as good a talent as anybody for raising the right sort of men, I have always thought, and a fine talent for sending them off as soon as she gets them raised; but when she took the contract to stock the continent, she did not know how large it was, and she was especially unapprised of the recent sudden opening for a free and thrifty population to the south of us. And now she needs help, and I thank our sailors for what they are doing for her in this respect. Bring on your shiploads of men and women and children. Let the Atlantic grow white with your multiplied sails as you float them over, and let us mingle the life-blood of all nationalities on this soil as never before. Experience shows that it is not best to marry cousins. And people who are born into the lap of the same country, and breathe the same atmosphere, and live under the same sky, and are nourished by the same institutions, are, as you may say, all cousins near or remote, and so we had better reach out to the ends of the earth and gather in the material for a composite race—a race staunch, versatile, and original, in which there shall be a dash of all climates, institutions, and cultures; not a medley and a chaos of human elements, but an organized and royal unit of population—a population which, by the blessing of God, shall carry the foremost banner of art, industry, religion, literature, and the sword—a population, therefore, corresponding to the magnificent continent on which it will have planted its habitations, and able

to lead on into a kindlier and more radiant future.

Of course it will require a prodigious digestion to dispose of such an incoming mass, and hold it to purity, duty, and freedom; but the religion of Christ, with those forces of all sorts which naturally organize themselves about it, and assist its ambitions, is equal to all things; and if we of the primal stock in this land only maintain the faith of our forefathers, and carry ourselves in a way to comport with our pedigree, we shall receive these foreign elements as safely as the Mississippi receives its thousand tributaries. That great river starts out of its home in the distant north under the name of the Mississippi, and it has strength, somehow, to carry that title clear to the Gulf, although by the time it gets there, the original Mississippi-part of it is not a drop to a hundred millions.—And thus, by the good favor of our God, this nation of ours may receive untold streams of population into its bosom, and yet bear on down through times and times, till it reaches the judgment, under the same old and honorable name, and under the same old image and type of faith, godliness, and liberty. It will grow like the Mississippi, I hope, in faith and godliness, and in all things, but it shall hold all the while to its archetypal ideas. It shall be a great oak, faithfully evolved from the acorn which we now see, although in that long process of evolution it shall take in from earth and air, and cloud and sunlight, and incorporate into its own substance element after element, and bulk after bulk.

It is involved in what has been already said, that while sailors bring in men, they bring in ideas; and I know of no more momentous cargoes than

they make. They start a hundred times the stir in a nation that foreign goods do. You cannot import ideas without hearing from them, any more than you can call down lightning without getting a shock from it. And these shocks from ideas are not to be deprecated on the whole. They knock down a good many things often; they rock old foundations; they set men and institutions digging down to see whether they *have* any foundations; and frequently such a commotion is made, that very many prudent people come to the belief that ideas are a kind of nitro-glycerine, that ought not to be carried nor let in anywhere. And you will see whole nations conspiring to keep them out. Japan has done it; so has China; so did Egypt; and right here, in this land, our very next neighbors, our brethren of the South have done it. In fact, they are one of the most eminent modern instances of it.

But, friends, a free commerce of ideas is the first pre-requisite of every kind of real thrift, and a nation is a man or a fool, to speak with biblical plainness, who attempts to stop it.—Indeed, things have come to such a pass in this modern day that it *cannot* be stopped for a great while. And let them come from all quarters. They explode in stagnant and death-bearing atmospheres greatly to the benefit of all concerned. This interchange of ideas breaks down intolerance, and prejudice, and ignorance. It serves the interests of human freedom; it tends to cleanse the religion of a people of everything bigoted, and awkward, and provincial; it is favorable to industry and national wealth; it is historically true that those nations that have had most commerce of all kinds, whether of goods or ideas—and those two go together, of course—

have led the world in freedom, in secular thrift, and in everything that renders a people noble, opulent, and strong. So much, then, on what sailors are doing for us in transporting ideas, and making the wisdom of each nation the light and blessing of all.

Wherefore, it is easy to be seen that our sailors are doing an immeasurable work in slowly building up the final unity of civilization and Christendom. In a nation, railroads and telegraphs, and swift steamboats, are wonderful agents in reconciling the diverse elements of different sections, and compacting the whole people into a homogeneous unit of power and prosperity. In the first place, they mingle the people by travel. Then again, they put each locality in immediate possession of the thoughts and feelings that are agitating the people of other localities, and in that way there comes to be a community of thought and feeling. The whole people live one life. They move simultaneously. They all debate the same questions at the same time, and each individual has the benefit of the light thrown on these questions from ten thousand minds. In moments of public peril, the entire nation sit together as one deliberative assembly, and form their plans and make their decisions. When it becomes important to summon public opinion, and concentrate it on a single point, it can be done immediately; or when it becomes important to have instant public action, it can be had. A whole continent of men can be brought to their feet in a flash. Witness our own nation.—When, in 1861, the patient Abraham Lincoln could endure no longer, he went to the telegraph office one day, and signaled the country, and in less than twenty-four hours there was far and wide a mighty motion of armed

men. And all through the war, our gladness and our sorrow, our shoutings and our sobbings, were simultaneous almost from Maine to the Gulf. And thus a great nation may in all things live together, as it were, like a family under one roof, having common experiences, developing a family life, and growing more and more to be one person. And no one can deny that, in all the objects for which nations exist, whether internal or foreign, this oneness, this homogeneousness, is infinitely better than that disconnection and that diversity which come of slow and infrequent intercommunication between different parts of the same country. In fact, if any section of a country is quite cut off from frequent intercourse with the general body, it becomes a dangerous member. It is but partially organized into the body, and it is like an arm which sustains only a half living and very feeble connection with the trunk, so that it is continually liable, under any adversity that may befall it, to mortify and corrupt the whole frame.

Well, now, turn for a moment to the matters of international intercourse, and see how the case stands. There is no such thing as a high and perfect international unity, except as there is swift and sufficient international communication. It is on this broad scale just as it is on the narrower which I have been describing.—Bind us to all nations, and all nations to us by telegraphs, ocean and overland; by daily steamships, and by whole moving fleets thronging in and out perpetually, and the entire divided world of countries and nationalities takes on the compactness of a single nation almost. All these many-tongued and many-thinking peoples are made to know each other and to become intimate. They gravitate

constantly toward a perfect community of interest and of thought. The questions of one are taken up forthwith, and become the questions of all. The anxieties of one are caught instantly by the whole sympathetic globe. The crimes of one draw upon it instantly the united tremendous verdict of mankind. If one of the sisterhood invents a machine, or produces a mighty book, or proposes a philosophy, or rears a gigantic man, or furnishes a holy saint, straightway the blessing is common property. And evidently by this intercourse and concentration a vast gain is made in everything pertaining to the welfare of man. It is well known that dense and large communities are always the centres and capitals of civilization, and that civilization can accumulate its forces, and get head, and work out its chief victories only in those aggregated and consolidated communities. And on the same principle, precisely, the consolidation of Christendom, in the manner already described, must assist the cause of universal civilization beyond all conception. Upon art, upon invention, upon legislation, upon refinement, and upon the spread of religion, it just masses the total conspiring talent, and enterprise, and capital, and physical power, and godliness of mankind.

And I can conceive of nothing more sublime and irresistible than this confederation and this colossal unity of the human race. When they were agreed, as they would be in all important matters more and more, with what mass and majesty they would move. It would be like the vast tide-swing of the Atlantic. It would be like the momentum of starry systems as they bear down the infinite reaches of the sky. Just think of the public opinion of that united and concen-

trated world as collecting itself upon the head of American slavery; as delivering its calm decree upon the usurpation of Louis Napoleon; upon the partition of Poland; upon the revolution in Italy; upon the mock throne of Maximilian in Mexico; upon the red-handed English fury of the Governor of Jamaica of late; upon the monstrous murdering of our soldiers in Andersonville: and upon the ten thousand deeds of honor and courage and love which are continually breaking forth in all countries, and lighting up the sad annals of man. Think of their *calm* decree, I said. But, mark you, it would not be so very calm in all cases. For do you not know, have you not noticed it in great assemblies, that there is a thrill, an enthusiasm, a passion, in the presence and consent and unity of large numbers? Social forces come into play under such circumstances, and each man of the multitude is twice as hot and twice as emphatic as he would be if he meditated the very same matters alone.—And in a Christendom, where the scattered nations were, by virtue of ships, railroads, and telegraphs, brought into the mutual proximity of a public assembly almost, might we not expect the same law to work? and when the agreeing people spoke their minds on some public outrage or on some wide-shining nobleness, would they not utter themselves with a fervor? yes, with a splendid fury at times—a fury of anger or a fury of acclamation, according as the case might be, which would have been impossible had each people thought and spoken separately, and without that social inspiration.

And this same social inspiration would operate, of course, in all the activities and utterances of banded

nations, and all human interests would receive the benefit of it.

And that was my thought touching the service of the men of the sea in slowly building up, as they do, the final unity of civilization and Christendom. A service sufficient to inspire a lofty and religious ambition, one would think; a service that would illumine all their dark days of toil and privation, and give a sanctity to the work of their hands, if they would only grasp it in its greatness, and open their souls to receive the whole impression of its dignity and worth.

My brethren, no matter how much we are beholden to sailors, nor how much we would like to help them forward in the things of virtue and religion, we could hardly strive with courage, and we should ultimately faint, and drop our hands, and give up, if we could not see some signs among them that they are accessible to pious influences, and that the laborer among them may look for his reward. But, blessed be God, everybody who takes pains to read the journals that are published in the interest of the sailor knows that there is not a richer and more hopeful soil on the broad earth than the field which they offer to the husbandry of God's grace. I cannot set before you the statistics of that subject, neither can I delay you with illustrative anecdotes, but I will say that, in all the immense issue of the religious press, I find no accounts of the progress of the kingdom of our Lord by which I am more warmed and touched than I am by the reports published in the *SAILOR'S MAGAZINE*, issued by the American Seaman's Friend Society, and in other periodicals here and there, concerning Christian work

and Christian successes among sailors. Such numbers of them are yielding to Christ in these last years, and when they do yield, their experience is so pronounced, and hearty, and contagious, and their reports of themselves in gathered meetings are so explicit, and pungent, and pathetic, and so full of all the materials of a genuine inner life, that, as I said, there is no reading of the kind like it.

Yes, yes, self-evidently these millions of the sea were included in the travail of the Redeemer's soul, and He is incessantly reaching out after the fruit of his agony among them.—Along all the paths of commerce and exploration, and naval war, He is following these purchased souls, and nothing is more striking than the accounts I have sometimes read of His assaults upon the consciences of sailors, when they were out in the infinite solitariness of the ocean, keeping watch under the lonely night, with not one Christian man on board to whose prayers or words of entreaty their sudden spiritual experience could be attributed, or to whom they could speak of the new joy that at last shone into them. "And His name shall be called Wonderful," cried a lofty voice, away back in the dusk of the long gone times. And wonderful surely He is—wonderful on Mount Calvary, and indeed through all His earthly career. Wonderful, too, in His omnipresent occupation of the great ages since His day. Wonderful to save in all times, and places, and hearts.

I wish that seafaring men were not subject to such peculiar disadvantages as they are for living a pious life. I do not know how I should carry myself, nor what shame I might bring on my Master, if I had to live in a fore-castle, where immorality and ungod-

liness were the established law, and I was the only exception. One of two things would happen certainly: either I should take the part that Peter did one day, when he was under similar pressure, and deny that I ever knew Him, or, what is the same thing, keep still about it; or else I should develop suddenly into an uncommon outrightness, bravery, and solidity of manhood, even as the richest and most inspired natures always do under the strain of adversity, and when summoned by a crisis. It would not be possible for me, I think, to live a half and half life, and practice a sort of border state loyalty to God, as one easily may in ordinary easy circumstances. It would be yea or nay, square and firm. I am not very familiar with the facts of fore-castle life, but I suppose that some yield and some brave it out. But it is a trying place for a man who wants to be a Christian.

And then how unfavorable it is that when sailors leave ships after a voyage, they leave a long self-denial and subjection to authority, and strike out perfectly free and into the midst of all possibilities of indulgence. It is in the nature of things hard for a slave suddenly released to keep himself in poise, and not abuse his new opportunity. It is hard for a person suddenly rich to maintain the wholesome austerities and manly moderation of the days of his poverty. And thus it must be difficult for a sailor just emancipated from the absolute lordship of his officers, and just raised from the unindulgent diet and the general rigor of sea life to the ease and the unstinted plenty of the shore, to keep up his morality or his Christian tone, provided he is a disciple of Christ. Many a returned regiment has been more demoralized by home

opportunities in a week than they ever were by the bullets of the enemy.

And I mention these things in regard to the sailor, simply that I may by them spur you all the more to gather about him with your chaplains, and your churches, and your sailors' homes, and your temperance pledges, and your tracts, and your ship libraries, and your never-ending prayer and sympathy. For, notwithstanding all disadvantages and discouragements, experiment has proved, as we were saying, that bread cast on these waters is found after only a few days. The various seamen's societies have found it to be so. Their chaplains in foreign ports send good news. Their libraries afloat on every sea are heard from, and are an undeniable power.— Their temperance pledge, administered to hosts of seamen, by the prevention of shipwrecks and the speeding of voyages, is saving to our merchants and ship-owners every year many times the amount which these societies receive yearly for the maintenance of their work. And so in all branches of their effort at home and abroad, the Lord is with them more or less decisively; and more than decisively enough in any most barren year to demonstrate the intention of the Lord our God toward these million wanderers of the sea.

And I call upon these societies, and I call upon you all, to join with me in praising the Most High, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, for the great promises and prophecies of Holy Writ respecting the final ages of this Messianic day, and for the signs which do multiply like the flowers of the prairies on every hand and under our own eyes, that He is actually in this, His world, fulfilling His own word, and steadily preparing time's ultimate fullness and flower. It is a long way

we have traveled from Mount Calvary to this hour, and the path has led through many a desert march and across many a billow. And many generations have fallen by the way, and many unpardoned souls have gone over into the hands of their God.— But in every time there have been holy men to testify of Christ, and in every desert march their songs have gone up, and in every tempest their voices of trust have risen high and commanding above the uproar, and there was never a day when the Church did not have her festivals of faith and hope. And the world ripens as the ages run. Our slow century plant is gathering its force for the blossoming time. All the lines of history converge toward one bright point. Souls are born into the heavenly kingdom every day. Our own land is at this moment vocal with the testimonies of such. And when it is not our land it is some other land; even as in the natural world, though we here may be all hot, and parched, and gasping, yet somewhere, yes, in a hundred favored places, Heaven's showers are shedding their coolness and their fatness upon the earth. And thus it will be in things spiritual—a shower here, a shower there, and then a world-wide and blessed dew; and so on and on, until the entire world becomes a precious garden; a land of fruits and flowing rivers; a land of milk, and honey, and wine; the finite counterpart and dim image of that other country, the final rest, and theatre, and dear home of redeemed souls, before whose full glories and beatitudes all mortal images and comparisons break down and are naught.

And, brethren, in clear foresight, not to say foretaste, of the things, the glories, the plenties, the benedictions untold, which are to be even

here as generations and periods pass on, shall we not accept our tasks, work our benevolent organizations, do our begging for them, pray for them, preach for them, spend for them, labor too for our churches, yes, di-

rect the *whole* enginery of evangelization, and Christian culture, and up-building with all joy, and with thankfulness that our Master will consent to be served at all by such as we.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT AT THE BOOK AND TRACT DEPOSITORY, SAILOR'S HOME, HONOLULU, S. I.

BY E. DUNSCOMBE, KEEPER OF READING-ROOM AND DEPOSITORY.

Jan. 3, 1866.—Went on board the frigate Lancaster this evening; regular prayer-meeting at night; the chaplain being ashore, I conducted it; quite a good and interesting meeting; I suppose, between fifty and sixty present; God's word upholds me—"My word shall not return void." When through, I distributed about a hundred papers, having inside of each a printed little tract; also gave out German, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, and French tracts. Having some English Bibles that the chaplain had promised, and wished me to distribute, I gave them out, but they were all gone in a few minutes, and more wanted. I had to give a little pocket testament I had. It is cheering to see such a desire for the Word of God. The master-at-arms (an unconverted man, a R. C.) told me he never saw such a change as there is amongst the crew.

Jan. 6.—The Lancaster left this forenoon; before she went, I sent off a good book to Brother D. A young man entered the reading-room while I was washing it out; he wanted to see the latest news, so I told him about it in 1 Tim., 1, 15. On entering into conversation with him, he told me he had a praying father and mother in Long Island, his father a minister in the Baptist Church. I re-

lated to him what the Lord had done for me, and recommended Jesus to him. A couple of shore persons came into the office this afternoon; one of them wanted a FRIEND; I gave it to him, inquiring if he knew the sinner's friend. He replied he did; found him ten years ago; but the other young man could not say so. Gave him a tract—"A Call to Prayer."

Being invited to a prayer-meeting in one of the native churches, went along with Brother R., the cook; it was a rainy evening, but about one hundred present; we both spoke to them, Dr. G. interpreting.

Jan. 13.—This morning visited the dying man in the Hospital; he suffered much pain during the night, but was now easier; I believe the Holy Spirit is enlightening his mind; he told me something different from yesterday, which was, that he was a wicked sinner; I tried to show him that we both, on account of sin, deserved the wrath of God, that he really was a lost sinner, and the Lord Jesus only was the Saviour of such; I read the latter part of the 1st Chapter of 1st Epistle John; told him to be in earnest in prayer; he asked me to pray for him.

During the dinner-hour, I went down amongst the men belonging to the prison, at present discharging a

guano ship; had a talk with some; there is one young colored man in for five years, having committed a heavy crime; he was a wicked character, but the Lord has changed him. Through the little prison meetings he was awakened, sought the Lord, and has found him, and is happy in the pardoning love of God; he is confessing Christ in his prison life; and in speaking of him to one of the others, he told me there was a great change in him; he was a hard blasphemer, now he is a praying man.

Jan. 28.—A large number of colored men, on liberty from the Lancaster, are frequenting the home. I have found three Christians among them; one of them is over thirty years on the Lord's side, and has been a minister of the Gospel; he told me that, along with a colored brother, who was also a minister, he joined the navy, both intending to labor as they could for the Lord; the latter one has lately gone home. Went round amongst the shipping, distributing reading, and inviting men to the Bethel: had a conversation with one of the crew of the new steamer Ajax, who lately tumbled down into the hold. Satan raged in one man, who told me to go to the devil. Went to the American hospital to see the sick colored man; though the doctor gave him up, yet he is something better.—As I spoke to him on God's love, the tear started; I read to him, and left him with a suitable tract—"Come, and welcome to Jesus Christ." This evening mustered about fifteen of the colored men, and went up to Fort-street Church.

Feb. 8.—A German, who came over passenger in the Ajax, called into the office; we had quite a talk together; he left San Francisco in company with a sick brother of his, who was coming

over with the expectation of getting better through change of climate, but died on the passage. As I spoke to him about the need of being prepared for death and eternity, he replied "he thought he was prepared," and I found his foundation for such was his own righteousness. I tried to show him a better and the only way, and gave him a little book in German—"Come to Jesus."

Feb. 9.—Had a conversation with a young man belonging to the Comet; he has pious parents in England, but he is thoughtless. Prayer-meeting in the Home this evening numbered ten; had a good time.

Feb. 26.—Had a personal conversation with four to-day; one was a German mechanic, who came and bought an English and Spanish Testament. I turned down the leaves on plain passages for him to read, and gave him some tracts.

Feb. 27.—A gentleman called into the office to see a back number of THE FRIEND, concerning the death of a person; as he was leaving, handed him a good tract—"Are you fit to die"—and dropped a few words. Getting something at C's store, said a word to the clerk about the long, unsettled account. Had quite a long conversation in the reading-room with a German, endeavoring to show him there is no justification but in and through the Lord Jesus Christ; he wishing for the life of Martin Luther, I lent it to him.

March 20.—This evening, after supper went on board a Bremen and Hawaiian bark, with reading matter to distribute amongst the crew; went down into the fore-castle; found six men there, Germans, Danes, and Swedes; gave all something—to a German, a German testament; to a Norwegian, "Baxter's Call;" read

part of God's Word, and prayed with them.

March 30.—Conversed with several, among them the third mate of a whaler, and the mate of another one; he told me he was once on the Lord's side, and knows something of the peace of serving God; I reminded him to return. Had a good little prayer-meeting this evening in the Home; about one dozen present; had the Saviour's presence.

April 6.—The cooper of the whaleship Roscoe wished for a Spanish testament, which one of the crew wanted; supplied him; gave some Spanish and Portuguese tracts, and a stock of other reading; spoke to him about his soul; he told me he thinks at times about such things; but I reminded him "now is the day of salvation." One of the boarders, going away in the whaling bark Pacific, made up a bundle of good reading, and an English testament; he leaves, having been faithfully spoken to by Mrs. C. Two men came into the office, who go away in a few hours in the John Howland; made up reading matter for them, and spoke a few words for Christ. One told me his parents were members of the Methodist Church in the Eastern States.

March 11.—Put up a lot of books and other reading matter for Mr. D.'s vessel—two German testaments, two Portuguese testaments, and two Spanish ones among the lot. Got some Russian sailors into the office; gave one Russian testament, and sold another; a few hours later others called; sold another testament, gave one away, and distributed Russian tracts among them. Prayer-meeting in the Bethel; we had a good brother with us, who lately brought over the sloop Northern Light from San Francisco; he is a Swede, and told us in the

meeting what the Lord had done for his soul.

March 20.—One of the officers of the whaler Gov. Troupe called in for reading; supplied him, and spoke to him about the Saviour. A man belonging to the whaling bark Mercury, and one of the crew of the Joseph Maxwell, soon going to sea, both wished for reading matter; made up bundles, including two English Bibles, and one English, one French, and one Portuguese testament. The steward of the whaleship Roman called for something good to read; gave him a Portuguese testament, and another good book. Brother T., the Swede, about to visit a sick Norwegian on-board the English ship Severn, laying at the wharf, took "Baxter's Call," in Danish, to give him..

May 14.—Conversed with a couple of men belonging to the English ship Severn, soon going to sea; recommended the Saviour to them, and they knelt with me in prayer; made up a good stock of reading for their fore-castle. Conversed with a couple of young men of the whaleship Janus; the cooper of her is a pious man.

May 16.—Wrote a letter for a young man, an inmate of the American Hospital, and embraced the opportunity to speak to him about his soul. Prayer meeting in the Bethel vestry; a good attendance; when through, spoke to an old man from the Hospital; he told me he had a hard heart; I reminded him of one who was able to soften it.

May 18.—A German in ill health came into the office; he is lately from California; had a talk with him; gave him a German testament, and "Baxter's Call" in German. Wrote a letter for a man from the American Hospital; had a few words with him about the need of being a Christian. Visited the English bark Anna from Mel-

bourne, bound to San Francisco; put in for provisions, having about forty passengers; conversed with five or six personally; gave the second mate an English Bible, he not having one; left one German testament in the cabin for the passengers' use; distributed papers and tracts among the crew, and in the various bunks between

decks. This afternoon the steward of the bark came ashore, called in, wishing an English testament; gave him one, and a stock of reading. Prayer-meeting in the Home this evening; about a dozen present; after it, I spoke with a young man belonging to a whaleship.

SIMPLE FAITH.

A company of tourists had visited the Highlands of Scotland, to enjoy the magnificent scenery which Sir Walter Scott graphically describes:

"Craggs, knolls, mounds confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
And the mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

Amidst the gray mists of the morning they climbed the steep sides of the sky-piercing mountain surrounded by huge rocks that the lightning of heaven had splintered, and yawning chasms that make the brain reel to gaze into them. At length they came to a place where, by some great convulsion of nature, the rocks had been rent asunder, forming two perpendicular walls, about twenty feet apart, and two hundred feet high. Along the face of these walls were little crevices, where earth had collected and where grew wild flowers of rare kind and great beauty. The tourists wished very much to obtain specimens of those mountain flowers, but how was it to be done? At last they thought of suspending a person over the cliff by a strong rope; and they proposed to a boy, who was herding flocks in the vicinity, that he should undertake the hazardous task, and offered him a large reward. The boy approached the brink, but shrank back, and was about to decline the offer, when a thought came into his mind that brightened up his countenance and made his eyes sparkle. Looking up at the company, he exclaimed:

"I will go down if my father holds the rope."

Here was a beautiful instance of faith. He was willing to be suspended over the yawning abyss, and felt no fear, because the loving hand of a father had hold of the rope. He had confidence in his father's strength, but still greater confidence in the love that made that strength trustworthy. So with our heavenly Father. It is pleasant to think of His Omnipotence, only as we believe it to be joined with infinite love. When we look abroad upon the evidences of his power as seen in the physical universe, to what very atoms and nonentities are we reduced in his awful presence! Before the glance of his eye who builds his throne with gems of insufferable glory, we feel awed and confounded. In our own moral consciousness we feel that we deserve to have God's power arrayed against us, and remember his greatness and are troubled. More power cannot draw our hearts back to a centre of life, and trust, and sweet repose.—Hence we turn, with unspeakable delight, to the *Cross*, where we read in glowing characters "God is love." We know God's tenderness of compassion as we see him, through Jesus, letting down to us the golden chain of the promises, and as we take hold of it by the hand of faith, we know it will not give way.—*National Baptist*.

THE LOST CREW.

During a summer sojourn on the sea-coast, I met with the following interesting fact, which, with the suggestions it gave rise to, may be worth narrating.

I observed upon the beach, half embedded in the sand, the keel of a vessel, and lower down a group of decaying timbers, each giving sad testimony that shipwrecks sometimes occurred on that shore. One day, we went out sailing, and I took the opportunity to inquire of the captain of our boat respecting them. He told me they were old wrecks that had been cast ashore before the lighthouse, which shed its warning beams far out on the ocean, had been built. In those days, he said, almost every gale sent a vessel ashore, although from the sandy nature of the coast destruction seldom ensued; they were generally got off with little injury.

And then he proceeded to tell me of one fine ship that, in a dark stormy night, ran aground. Her crew were evidently in an agony of fright, for her signals of distress were heard firing amid the uproar of the elements; but no help could be given them from land, all attempts to carry torches, or kindle fires being prevented by drenching rain.

Morning rose, and the anxious shoremen hurried to the scene of the night's disaster. The storm was over, the sea had fallen to its usual level, and the ship stood high and dry upon the strand. But no appearance of life was on her decks.

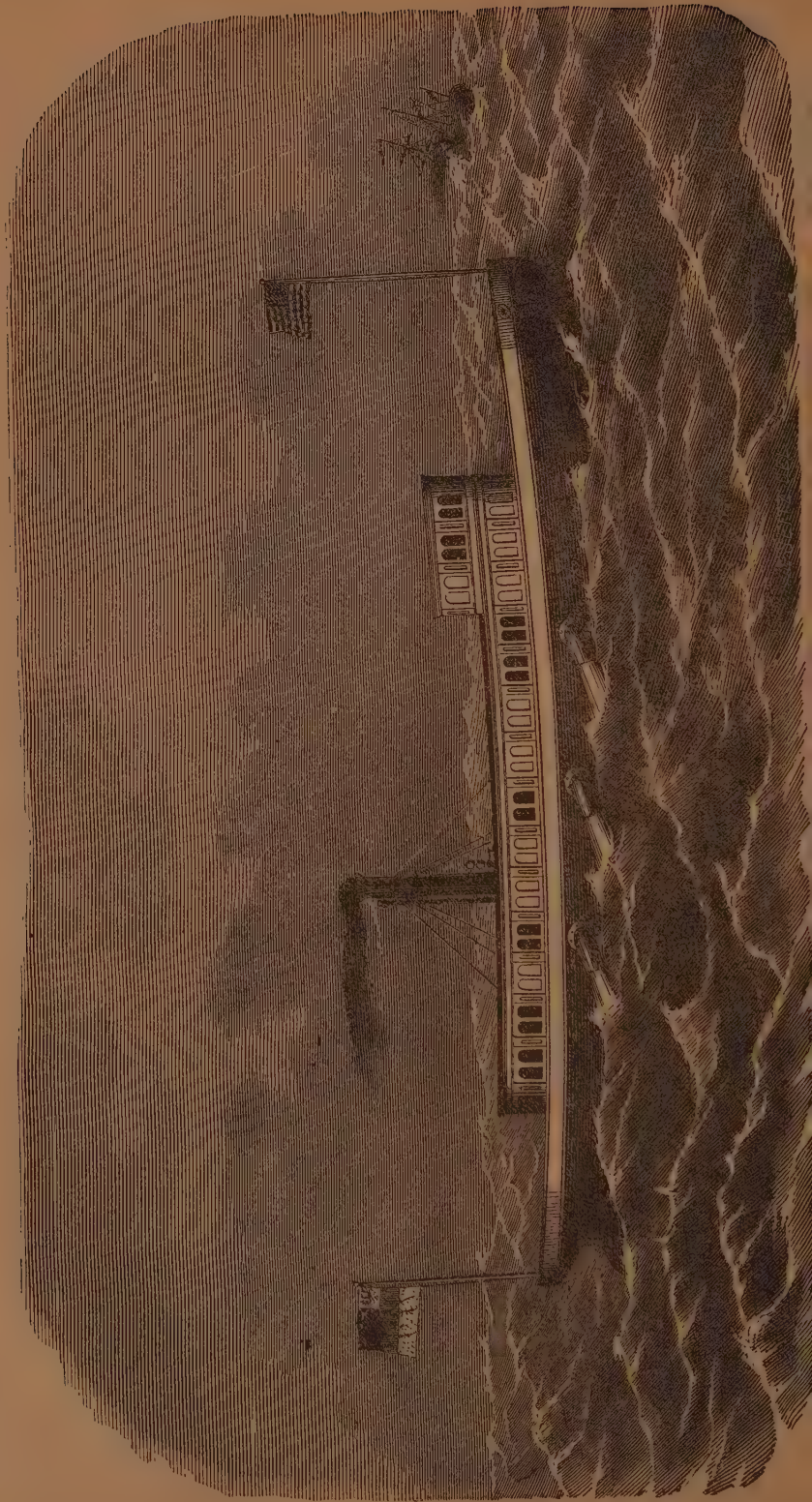
They quickly scaled her sides, and searched all around, above and below, but captain and crew there were none; and from the boats being missing, it was plain that, in their panic, they had left the ship, and sought safety in flight. Confusion reigned around, and a great part of the cargo

had been thrown overboard; yet, upon a careful examination, the vessel appeared to be uninjured; the storm had spent its fury upon her in vain.

The next high water the ship was got afloat, and taken safely to her owners at a neighboring port; but the boats with their living freight were never heard of. Poor fellows! had they believed in the strength of their ship, or could they have seen that she was snugly bedded in the sand, within a few perches of terra firma, they would have remained quietly aboard, and listened to the howlings of the storm with composure.

And such, methought is the history of many a lost soul. The ship is the Church, the ark of God's covenant love. Persecution arises, or trouble, or distress, or financial panic, and the weak members tremble. They have gained entrance to God's temple, but never tasted his converting grace; they have "named the name of Christ," but have never been washed in his cleansing blood; they have professed a knowledge of the Holy Ghost, but have never submitted to his Divine teachings; therefore, when the hour of trial comes, as come it must to all, they have no faith to sustain, no hope to comfort them. They think the Church is frail, distrust the truth of Scripture, and, taking to little boats of worldly wisdom, they leave the ark of safety, launch out upon the broad dark waters of the world, and are soon engulfed in its yawning waves.

By and by the tribulation is past, the sun of peace is shining, and the Church is found to be safe, securely nestled in God's love, high and dry upon the shore of grace; and the mild voice of Jesus exclaims in pitying accents, as he looks out upon the unbelieving lost, "O ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt."—*Exc.*



NEW METHOD OF PROPELLING STEAM VESSELS.

From the Scientific American.

Kinkle & Hubbe's new method of propelling steam vessels consists, generally, in the reactionary power of water. The propulsion of steam vessels by means of wheels and screws has probably attained its highest perfection, the velocity of ships propelled by these means not being capable of a great increase, for the reason that great velocity in rotating wheels or screws necessarily reacts upon the vessel and requires a proportionate increase of strength in the construction of the hull, which again tends to counterbalance the velocity of the moving vessel, while, by the method of propulsion adopted by the inventors, no reaction upon the ship will be perceptible, however great the velocity which a vessel thus propelled may attain.

That the reaction of water forced out of pipes from a ship may be used as a propelling power is demonstrated by the fact that a few vessels, constructed in Europe on that principle, have actually been used for traveling purposes, and are still in use.

The construction adopted in these vessels consisted mainly in placing in the centre of the ship a turbine wheel moved by a steam engine which discharged two jets of water simultaneously out of two nozzle pipes, one on each side of the vessel; but the discharge pipes (or nozzle pipes) on either side of the turbine wheel, being necessarily different in length, the power thereby exerted on one side of the vessel is greater than on the other, which impedes the proper steering of the vessel; and, again, the propelling power itself is limited by the two discharge pipes only, all of which is obviated by this invention. The principal features of this invention

are as follows: A series of bent pipes are inserted through the sides of the hull, below or above the water line, as required for the particular use of the vessel, the said pipes being adjustable by a mechanism in such a manner that the parts of the pipes on the outside of the vessel may be turned aft, forward, or perpendicular.

An equal number of such pipes are inserted on each side of the vessel; all of them are properly packed in stuffing boxes. The end of each of said pipes in the inside of the vessel is connected with a force pump, and each pump is driven by a small steam engine. Each of said pumps is supplied with water by a suction pipe through the bilge or bottom of the vessel, and all the engines are supplied with steam from one boiler, in such a manner that a supply of steam may be cut off from each engine separately, or from any number of engines, or from all of them, as may be desired.

The inner ends of the outboard pipes are connected with a mechanism by means of which the discharge pipes on either side of the vessel may be turned simultaneously in any direction at the will of the engineer or other person having charge of said mechanism.

Thus, if it is desired to move the vessel in a certain direction, all the nozzle pipes are placed in the opposite direction, and the water being forced out of them strikes or reacts upon the water in which the vessel is floating, and thereby causes the motion of the vessel.

It is claimed that vessels constructed on this principle attain a much higher rate of speed, with a lesser consumption of coal than is the case

with paddle wheel or screw steamers, that the steering of this new vessel is easier and more certain, that the shaking of the vessel (caused by the action of the engine on the screw or paddle wheel) is here entirely avoided. These and other advantages make it desirable to test boats constructed on that principle, and for that purpose the inventors have designed an

experimental boat on a large scale, which they intend to build and to sail with it on the Hudson or East rivers, and which is to attain a speed of 25 or 30 miles in an hour.

The plans and drawings may be seen at the office of Mr. Charles Wehle, No. 290 Broadway, in this city, where those interested may receive further information.

THE SAILOR'S SNUG HARBOR AT STATEN ISLAND.

The following letter to the *Boston Traveller* answers many inquiries often made, in regard to one of the noblest charities of the age. It was written by the Rev. R. S. Stubbs, of Nashua, N. H., and will repay a careful perusal.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Having had business that brought me to Staten Island, it has occurred to me that your numerous readers would be interested in a communication from this, one of the most interesting institutions of this Christian land, designated the "Sailor's Snug Harbor." It is a home for aged and disabled seamen—where, like "ships in ordinary," the needy, worn-out, and crippled sons of the ocean may safely anchor until the order from the Lord High Admiral summons them to slip their cable and launch upon the ocean of eternity—*i. e.* until they die.

By the will of Captain Robert Richard Randall, of New York, bearing date June 1st, 1801, certain specific legacies, and personal and real estate, were bequeathed to the Chancellor of the State of New York, the Mayor and Recorder of the city of New York, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, the President

and Vice President of the Marine Society, the senior minister of the Episcopal Church, and the senior minister of the Presbyterian Church of said city, and their successors in office respectively, to be received by them in trust, and applied to the erection of an asylum or Marine Hospital, to be called the Sailor's Snug Harbor, for the maintenance of aged, disabled, worn-out sailors. When, in the judgment of said trustees, the income from this estate would support fifty seamen, the institution was to be opened.

In the year 1806 the trustees obtained, from the Legislature of New York, an act of incorporation, which, on February 14, 1814, was so modified that three, instead of five trustees, should constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. An act was also passed March 25, of same year, designating the persons contemplated in the act of incorporation as trustees of the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches, viz: "the Rector of Trinity Church," and "the Minister of the Presbyterian Church in Wall street, in said city."

The property thus left by Captain Randall consisted of land lying in the 15th Ward of the City of New York, containing 21 acres, 1 rod, 34 perches

and 132 feet; also four lots in the 1st Ward of the city, together with \$723 in three per cent. stocks; \$6,430 in six per cent. stocks, and 50 shares of Manhattan stock. It was the intention of the donor to have the Hospital built upon a part of the ground situate in the 15th Ward. But in consequence of the rapid growth of the city and of the great rise in the value of property within its limits, and also considering the character and habits of seamen, the Trustees became fully convinced that the benevolent design of the testator would be more extensively carried into effect by reserving the whole of the grounds in their possession as a source of revenue for the support of the institution; and that the taste of the subjects of the charity would be more gratified, and their comfort greatly promoted by purchasing a site for the hospital on the margin of the East or North River, or in the vicinity thereof. In consonance with this conviction, the trustees, in June, 1825, addressed a memorial to the Legislature requesting permission to improve and lay out their ground in the city and to locate the Institution elsewhere. The Legislature granted their request in April, 1828, which secured the approbation of the Court of Chancery. After visiting "different sites in the vicinity of the city, and on the margin of the waters" of New York, "which were offered for sale at the time," "in May, 1831, they purchased the farm on Staten Island, now known as the Sailor's Snug Harbor, containing 130 acres of excellent land," to which 20 additional acres of land adjoining have since been purchased, for which \$6,000 were paid.

In October, 1806, the reported income of the whole estate was \$4,243; subsequently it became less. In 1814

it was \$6,000, but at this present writing it furnishes a revenue of \$75,000 per annum, and now supports over four hundred beneficiaries. On the 11th October, 1831, the corner stone of the Sailor's Snug Harbor was laid, and on the 1st August, 1833, the Institution was formally opened. On the 21st August, 1834, the remains of Capt. Randall were removed under the direction of the Board and deposited beneath a marble monument in front of the building, where they still lie.

There are numerous indications of fidelity to the trust committed to the distinguished names who have served as Trustees to this Institution since it was formally opened in 1833, when fifty disabled and decrepid seamen constituted the number of beneficiaries who shared the benevolence of Capt. Randall's bequest.

The whole number of sailors received into this Snug Harbor is 1583, or an average of 49 men each year. The number received annually are so greatly in excess of the mortality that there are now 420 inmates who are provided with a pleasant home, with airy apartments, wholesome food, suitable clothing, choice reading, and ample grounds for recreation and exercise.

What man is there that does not envy the munificent donor of the estate and revenue that supports and blesses those weary storm-tossed and disabled men, who do so much to enhance the wealth, to establish the prestige of our flag upon the high seas; and to unite the severed and separated sections of our globe.

In a financial point of view the enterprise is a success. In conversation with Capt. De Peyster, the Governor, he told me that Jacob Astor assured him that he could have purchased all

the real estate bequeathed by Capt. Randall for \$5,000; *to-day* that property yields a revenue sufficient to give relief to hundreds of seamen, and to pay the salaries of the governor, physician, chaplain, matron and steward; and this, too, although enough of the original bequest was sold to purchase the grounds on which the buildings were erected, and 130 acres of beautiful land besides! I was credibly informed that this is worth to-day at least \$200,000! This fact is suggestive to the philanthropic and philosophic mind, and reveals a method of doing good on an ever-increasing and princely scale.

Capt. De Peyster, now in his 82d year, for many years a successful shipmaster out of this port, is the present Governor of this Institution, which office he has held for the past 20 years. The physician, Dr. S. V. R. Bogart, has been at this post for 22 years. Rev. C. J. Jones, the sympathizing and laborious chaplain, was for ten years pastor of the Mariners' Church, corner of Madison and Catharine streets, in this city.

A visit to these halls would richly repay the expense incurred by any and all interested in the princely benevolence of this great centre of commercial and religious enterprise. Travelers and newspapers do a heavy business in proclaiming to the world the great wickedness of the "empire city,"—be mine the happier lot to spread out for the world's admiration a few shreds of the *rich and many-hued mantle of New York charity.*

The sailors who are admitted to the Snug Harbor are well fed, neatly clad, and tenderly ministered unto. If they but improve their opportunities they may certainly ripen for glory. The chaplain prepares Scrip-

ture exposition for them twice a day, preaches to them twice on the Sabbath in the beautiful church on the grounds; on Tuesday evenings he lectures to them and holds prayer meetings on Friday and Sabbath evenings.

And for the especial benefit of those who cannot leave the Hospital there is a prayer meeting on Monday evening, and preaching within its walls on Thursdays; to which there is super-added the tender and holy influence of a mother's gentleness and woman's refining and soothing ministries, by the hands of the chaplain's esteemed wife and daughters, and the matron of the institution, a devout Christian lady.

On these same grounds there is an asylum for the relief of destitute children of seamen, designated "The Home for Seamen's Children." There are there at present 65 boys and 55 girls.

These orphan children of seamen receive a good common school education, and some are instructed also in music, where an aptitude and desire is manifested; they have abundance of good air, plenty of play, healthful diet and exercise; and, best of all, their spiritual welfare is studied and provided for. The institution is supported by donations, legacies, and public collections. May our good, rich people remember this deserving charity in their disbursements and bequests. S.

Information Wanted.

RICHARD TAYLOR sailed from New York for California in the ship "Silas Greenman" about April 1862. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his anxious wife, No. 4 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BELGIUM.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

ANTWERP, August 15, 1866.

To the Secretaries of the Am. S. F. S.

DEAR BRETHREN—To-day is the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin. It is a holiday. The churches are thronged. The Virgin Mary, most extravagantly decorated, is elevated in the center of the cathedral and other churches, and divine honors are paid her by the multitude. She is carried in procession through the streets, with the lighted candles and lanterns, and banners richly adorned, and a great variety of gold and silver images, and with great pomp accompanied by a band of music and a company of priests chanting, and followed by the "host," under a huge scarlet canopy. Altars are erected in the principal squares; innumerable lighted candles are burning; incense is rising from many censers; the people uncover their heads and kneel on the pavement and in the streets, and idolatry most heathenish and superstitious is witnessed on every hand.

Next Sabbath, I am told, one of the greatest and most magnificent exhibitions of the whole year, is to take place in the principal public squares and in the cathedral. I do not wonder that so many of the educated and more intelligent classes are infidels. If I had never seen any other exhibition of religion, and knew no better way than this, I would be one myself. I really believe that the great mass of the people here have no more intelligent idea of the gospel than the heathen. When I hear their ecclesiastics—of which there are great numbers here, haranguing the multitude—two and three thousand at a time—concerning the virtues of Mary or some other saint, or reciting some of the many hundreds of legends or fabulous miracles with which they are accustomed to fill their superstitious minds, O, how I have longed for such an audience here, that I might preach to them the gospel: or, if I could not have this pleasure, how I have wished that God would raise up some one who can speak their language, to

declare it to them. All the sermons and addresses which I have heard, and I have heard many during the three months I have been here, were in the Flemish language, which is the vernacular of the common people, and yet, I suppose that one-half of the people here—the more intelligent—use the French language. While, no doubt, some of these, are devoted Catholics, the greater part, I am told, are either infidels, or are attached to the Papal church by the weakest possible ties.

You hear of Protestantism in Belgium; but the few small churches scattered here and there, so far as I can learn, are but poorly attended and doing but little for the spread of the gospel. Of the two or three in Antwerp which "have a name to live," I wish I could say something more encouraging. I do not know but the pastors are Evangelical men; I trust they are; one of them, Rev. Mr. Van Straaten, the Dutch minister, has rendered me all the help in his power in my work.

It is possible that there may be some little circles for prayer; but I have yet to hear of one stated prayer-meeting in all Belgium. No doubt, the spirit of God operates on individual hearts; but, what we understand by a revival of religion, when the Spirit is evidently present in the assembly, and many are wrought upon simultaneously, and inquirers and converts are multiplied, is utterly unknown. Christians here have read and heard of such things in former times and in distant places, but they know nothing of the blessed experience.

The Protestant church is divided into two branches: the old church, which receives a subsidy from the government, and the Free church, which is independent. Our sympathies would naturally be with the latter, and we should expect it would be more evangelical and active; but I cannot say that I have found it so. Indeed, all the sympathy and co-operation I have found in my work has

come from the former. They each have, I believe, a missionary organization; but I am unable to state how much they are doing through them. Our colporteur, Mr. Voskamp, to whom the Seamen's Friend Society make a yearly appropriation (\$100), receives the remainder of his support from the society connected with the old church. He feels at liberty to sell his religious books wherever he can find purchasers. He goes into market with them on market days, and though he meets with annoyances, and though the police have sometimes endeavored to hinder him from selling to Catholics, yet they have no power to prevent him altogether. He has his license, which he is obliged to renew every five days; this is vexatious, but it gives him the right to sell to any one who will buy. Not long since he sold a Testament to a young man from the country, which the priest took from him and publicly burned in the church. Several times he has been arrested and brought before the authorities, on one plea or another; but he still pursues his work with meekness and perseverance. I wish, instead of one solitary man, we had an hundred like him; but I do not know where they are to be found. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His vineyard." I think that others might be found if we had the means to sustain them. But the money could not be raised here at present; it must come from abroad. I hope the American and Foreign Church Union will see their way clear to make an appropriation, before long, for the propagation of the gospel here. Meanwhile we will endeavor to do what little is in our power.

I have not yet succeeded in finding such a room as I want for my religious services; but I am not disheartened. I think I shall find one before long. I am told that it was through the influence of the city government, which is decidedly Papal, with the government of Brussels that we failed to get the rooms in the Hanseatic House. We shall renew our application, if we do not succeed in any other quarter, as the rooms are still vacant.

I have just made a formal application to the consistory of the Protestant Evangelical church, for the use of their church in the afternoon. The application has been referred to a committee and is under consideration. The church is at a considerable distance from the shipping, and the afternoon, the only time when it is vacant, is not convenient to my purpose; but it would be better than no stated place of worship. I am confident that if I had a suitable hall or chapel in which to conduct religious worship, I might gather, on Sabbath mornings especially, quite a respectable audience, not of seamen merely, but of others, who speak the English language, for there are many such connected with the various sailors' boarding houses, shipping offices, &c., who now attend no place of worship whatever.

I am more and more convinced that we must soon begin to agitate seriously the question of building or buying for ourselves, and I think we shall find it most expedient on the whole to have a seamen's home and bethel all under one roof. I think that a home, after being started, would nearly, if not quite, pay its own expenses. It is quite customary for captains to bring their wives and other lady friends with them here, and it is very difficult for them to find any suitable accommodations for them, and as for the under officers and sailors, I do not believe there is a port in christendom, where they may not find better accommodations than here.

Having no place of rendezvous, it is very difficult for me to find the men and get acquainted with them, I make a practice of visiting every *American* vessel, at least; but for the first few days the officers and men are busy; and after this they are scattered and the vessels are continually changing their places. It is not often that it is *both* agreeable and convenient for the captains to have a religious service on board. I have availed myself of such opportunities as I could find; but the notice is so short; there is so much difficulty in circulating it, and the vessel often is so inaccessible that I cannot depend on much of an audience at these occasional meetings.

Last Sabbath I had service on board the American steamer *Circassian*, the

first one of the new line that is to be established between here and New York. The captain (Ellis) and officers have treated me very courteously. We had an audience of about fifty, including half a dozen ladies. I baptized an infant child of the purser. On the whole, the service was the most pleasant, and, perhaps, the most profitable I have yet conducted. If the other vessels of this line will show us the same courtesy, I shall be thankful, and this will give us for half of the Sabbaths in the year a better place than I have yet been able to find.

On the Sabbath previous I conducted worship on board of an English brig. The accommodations were very meagre and the company small; but the captain did all he could to aid us. And for the next following Sabbath he lent me his bethel flag and his hymn books for use on board of the steamer.

I am greatly in need of a flag, but as I have written on to provide me one, I will wait till I hear from you on the subject. Also we want very much some hymn books.

Besides the Circassian, there are seven or eight large American vessels now in port, and several others that would be American if they only sailed under our flag; and there is a large number of vessels loading for New York.

The cholera has somewhat abated; but it has, by no means, disappeared. I was called very hastily on Monday to visit a sick sailor in the hospital; but I found him dead with the cholera just as I arrived. And in the bed lay another one dying with the same disease. He was a Norwegian, and his captain stood by pointing him to Christ, as he had often done before. This was Captain Croger, of the ship Emanuel, now loading for New York. I made his acquaintance, and learned from him that there had been a work of grace on his vessel during her late passage to this port, from the West Indies, and half of his crew had been converted; but not this poor man. He told me that he was in the practice of having worship with his crew, not only on the Sabbath, but every day. This, he says,

is the custom of many Norwegian captains. I find these Scandinavian seamen much better disposed towards religion and more steady and moral than our American sailors. The captain and his crew are often like one family. The whole crew remain together often for years and feel a common interest in the prosperity of the ship, and live on board while in port, if possible. Whereas, in our American vessels the crews are continually changing, they are, for the most part, reckless and indifferent, and quite as soon as they can, after coming into port, the officers have little or no intercourse with them; there is rather a feeling of antagonism between them. They feel that they must stand aloof from the men and rule them with severity, in order to maintain their authority. * * * * *

Yours sincerely,

J. H. PETTINGELL,

Seamen's Chaplain.

—:o:—

Still Onward!

In the MAGAZINE for December 1864, under the caption of "Progress," we published a brief statement of the growth of the American Seamen's Society, showing a gradual but encouraging advance, as follows:

First	year's receipt.	1828.....	\$1,214 38
Eighth	" "	1836.....	13,172 15
Eighteenth	" "	1846.....	25,031 83
Thirty-sixth	" "	1863.....	42,353 18
Thirty-seventh	" "	1864.....	43,065 53
Thirty-eighth	" "	1865.....	51,709 92

We now add the figures for two years more which fully confirm the prediction made in the former article, "that this cause is destined to make much greater progress in the future than it has in the past."

We close with the single remark that God has greatly blessed our labors the past year at home and abroad, and the work has so grown upon our hands that at least \$60,000 will be needed the present year.

L. P. H.

Marine Schools.

To the Editor of the Sailor's Magazine :

MR. EDITOR—Will you be so kind as to allow me a small space in your valuable periodical to bring to the notice of the friends of the cause of seamen the value of marine schools. Many of my seafaring friends will recognize in my signature one who has labored long in this noble cause ; and I am free to confess, if I had done nothing more than originating that system, for the educating and training of youth for the sea, I would feel that my life had not been spent in vain. I am informed that in Liverpool, England, there are now four flourishing marine schools, upon the plan of the one I had the honor to originate in Charleston, which has been suspended since the war. Previous to the war, about fifty boys had graduated, and many of them are now filling various situations upon the ocean, with credit to themselves and the institution. I will give you a copy of a letter I received from one of these lately :

NEW YORK, July 17, 1866.

Rev. Mr. Yates :

DEAR SIR—It gives me pleasure to write to you this afternoon, hoping that this letter will find you and family well. My brothers, in their last letter to me, spoke of your kindness to the orphan children, and how much they all liked you. I always knew you had a love for the poor and destitute. I am very thankful, both to you and the Committee of the Marine School, for the instruction that I received in that noble institution.

Please give my best respects to your family and the Committee.

Your's, with much regard,

EUGENE CAMEL.

I have introduced this letter to show what an advantage it was to this youth ; and this is not all : the moral training, while in the school,

may be the means of saving many a boy who, if left to the *morals* of the fore-castle, would go to ruin.

From time to time you will hear from me upon this important subject.

Your's truly,

WM. B. YATES, *Chaplain.*

Charleston, S.C., Aug. 28, 1866.

**Report of Colored Seamen's
Missionary.**

GENTLEMEN—I respectfully report my doings among the colored sailors for six months past. I have visited some vessels where all on board were white, and had the pleasure of furnishing all the ship's company with our religious reading. On a sea steamer, the other day, looking for the colored men employed there, I exhibited a tract, entitled the *Sailor Boy's Prayer*, which called the attention of the mate, who said to another officer, "here is something for us," and in a short time a number of the ship's company were around me, expressing themselves as thankful for such a blessing. I visit the hospitals, where I read and pray, and point sick sailors to the Father of Mercies and God of all Comforts. Hardly a day passes but that some request is made of me, by sick men and others, to inform their friends of their situation, or contribute from my small means to furnish some delicacy for the convalescing not provided in the hospital. Colored sailors' families have received much of my attention, and there are several now sick, one a mother, 75 years old, whose son is at sea in one of our navy ships. I was called the other day to bury a mother and wife of a sailor, who is now on the broad sea. My visits at the boarding-houses are interesting to me. Here I speak to those God has permitted to return home through the perils of the great

deep, while others have been lost, and are gone to try the realities of eternity.

I cannot bring my report to a close without alluding with pleasure to an interesting account of the conversion of a cook on a ship from Boston to Honolulu, an account of which is given in the July number of the *MAGAZINE*. The means used were simple; no theological points were discussed, but he was shown how he had transgressed the holy law of God, and he at once sent up the petition, "O God, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner."

Respectfully submitted,

PRINCE LOVERIDGE, *Missionary*.
August, 1866.

Report of Rev. S. F. Farmer, Church of the Sea and Land, for the Months of July and August.

During the last two months it has pleased our Heavenly Father greatly to bless our labors. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat and other disadvantages, every Sabbath has witnessed an increase of our congregation; and at our last communion, on the 2d instant, eighteen persons were added to our membership. Should it please God to continue the presence of His holy Spirit, our large and comfortable place of worship will soon be full.—

All our meetings have been kept up during the warm season, and the earnestness that first characterized these meetings has suffered no abatement; on the contrary, it has been constantly increasing. On last Thursday evening our prayer-meeting numbered over eighty persons; and, judging from the solemnity that pervaded the meeting, the presence of the Divine Spirit was felt by all.

We have recently secured the services of Mr. Thomas M. May as missionary, whose efficient labors have

already been successful in bringing a number of seamen under the influence of the Gospel.

Respectfully,

S. F. FARMER.

—:O:—

Position of the Planets for October.

MERCURY will set within a few minutes of the sun throughout this month, and is in superior conjunction with that luminary about midnight of the 2d.

VENUS rises about 10 A. M. throughout the month, setting about one hour after the sun, and is near the moon on the 12th, shining very brightly.

MARS is close to the moon on the 1st; and again, on the morning of the 29th, is situated a little to the N. E. of the moon. It rises about 10 P. M., setting about 1 P. M.

JUPITER is an evening star, rising before sunset, and setting about 11 P. M. at the beginning, and 9 P. M. at the end. It is near the moon on the 16th.

SATURN will be visible as an evening star for about an hour at the commencement of the month, but this interval decreases to 27 minutes by the last day. It will be close to the moon on the 10th. B. B.

N. Y. Nautical School, 92 Madison St.

Total Disasters Reported in August.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to and from ports in the United States, reported totally lost during the past month, is 26, of which 14 were wrecked, 1 foundered, 8 burnt, 1 abandoned, and 2 sunk by collision.

They are classed as follows:—1 steamer, 4 ships, 3 barks, 9 brigs, and 9 schooners, and the estimated value, not including cargoes, amounts to \$550,000.

Below is the list, giving the names, ports whence hailing, &c. Those marked *w* were wrecked, *b* burnt, *f* foundered *a* abandoned, and *s c* sunk by collision.

STEAMER.

Hobomok (tug) *b*, from Baltimore for Morehead City.

SHIPS.

Danube, *b*, Portsmouth, from Bristol, Eng., for New York.
 Lampedo, *w*, Liverpool, from Mobile for Savannah.
 D. H. Watjen, *b*, Bremen, at Jersey City.
 Fairlight, *w*, (British, from Hong Kong for San Francisco.

BARKS.

Free Trade, *b*, Boston, at Jersey City.
 James Duncan, *a*, (British), from New York for Penarth Roads.
 Almoner, *b*, Searsport, Me. At Boston.

BRIGS.

Pollie Jones, *w*, Digby, N.S., from St. John, N.B., for Newport.
 A. L. Peck, *w*, (British), from New York for S. Cruz, Cuba.
 Olive Francis, *s c*, Machiasport, from Boston for Glace Bay, C.B.
 J. B. Elliott, *w*, Maitland, N.S., from Mansanilla for New York.
 Clara T. Webster, *s c*, Vinalhaven, Me., from Vinalhaven for Philadelphia.
 Alpha, *w*, Windsor, from New York for Amherst, N.S.
 Albert Adams, *w*, New York, from Nassau for Bahama.
 Mattapony, *w*, Bath, Me., from Savannah for Sagus.
 Wicopee, *b*, St. John, N.B., from Charleston for Liverpool.

SCHOONERS.

Charmer, *w*, New York, from Indianola.
 Ogeon, *w*, Galveston, from Apalachicola for Galveston.
 Harriet Neal, *w*, Lubec, Me., from Baltimore for Salem.
 Rushlight, *w*, Gloucester. (Fisherman.)
 Lucy J. Watson, *w*, Harpswell, Me. (Fisherman.)
 Alfred Barratt, *b*, Barnstable, Mass. At Jersey City.
 Franconia, *f*, Provincetown. (Fisherman.)
 Laura, *b*, (British.) At Boston.
 Golden Pearl, *w*.

—:O:—

Receipts for August, 1866.

MAINE.

Burlington, a Friend..... 15 00
 Kennebunk, Miss A. A. Worth..... 1 00
 South Burlington, P. B. Smith..... 1 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Acworth, Emeline Finlay..... 2 00
 Fitzwilliam, Cong. ch. S. school..... 35 83
 Francestown, J. Dodge..... 1 00
 Lyme, Abigail Converse..... 0 50

VERMONT.

Montpelier, N. P. Brooks..... 1 00
 Newbury, E. Hale..... 5 00
 Norrisville, A. Blanchard..... 1 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Attleboro, Young Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, to const. Mrs. Albert Robbins L. M..... 30 00
 Boylston Centre, Daniel T. Moore..... 5 00
 Chicopee Falls, Mrs. E. Carter..... 5 00
 Centreville, Cong. ch..... 13 25
 Newburyport, Josiah Hale..... 10 00
 Newton Centre, Dea. Asa Cook..... 2 00
 G. J. Canton..... 1 00
 Scotland, James M. Leonard..... 5 00
 Springfield, John L. Kilborne..... 2 00
 Stockbridge, a Friend..... 1 00
 Taunton, T. Richmond..... 1 00

Westboro, Lucy G. Pond..... 1 00
 Williamstown, J. H. Raymond's class, for ship's library..... 12 00

RHODE ISLAND.

East Providence, Cong. ch..... 16 25
 Westerly, Rev. A. B. Burdick..... 1 00

CONNECTICUT.

Cheshire, Joanna Driggs..... 1 00
 Cromwell, Cong. ch., const. Rev. H. O. Ladd, L. M..... 30 00
 Derby, L. Hallock..... 1 00
 Fairfield, Miss A. H. Kellogg..... 5 00
 Meriden Centre, Cong. ch..... 17 50
 New Britain, Rev. L. H. Pease, to const. self L. M..... 30 00
 South Cong. ch., const. A. H. Merriman, L. M..... 61 03
 M. E. ch. S. school, for ship's library... 15 00
 New Haven, Hamet E. Peck..... 1 00
 Late Mrs. Maria S. Williams, by Henry White, Executor..... 188 00
 Newington, Cong. ch. (Widow's Mite \$1)... 17 75
 Norwich, Sarah L. Huntington..... 2 00
 C. B. Rogers..... 10 00
 Plantsville, J. Higgins..... 5 00
 South Norwalk, D. P. Ely..... 2 00
 Stratford, Cong. ch., to const. Rev. Wm. K. Hall, Gen. G. Loomis, Lewis Beers, Wm. Strong, Charles Welis, L. M's..... 152 68
 Suffield, Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, to const. Miss Clara Mather and Mrs. G. H. Loomis L. M's., in part..... 20 00
 Terryville, M. Blakesly..... 2 00
 Unionville, First Cong. ch..... 18 00
 Waterbury, First Cong. ch., additional... 2 00
 First Cong. ch. S. school, for ship's library..... 12 00
 West Killingly, Lucy Bacon..... 0 75
 West Meriden, First Cong. ch..... 34 40
 Windsor, Cong. ch..... 12 73
 John M. Rose..... 2 00
 Windsor Locks, Cong. ch..... 25 00
 " Charles A. Somers..... 1 00
 Woodbury, South Cong. ch..... 13 43

NEW YORK.

Catskill, Pres. ch., of which, from Mrs. E. B. Day, in part, const. Hamilton Spencer, Jr., L. M., \$15; Widow's Mite, \$1... 106 19
 Champlain, Pres. ch. S. school, for ship's library..... 12 00
 Coxsackie, Rev. Mr. Lusk..... 3 00
 East New York, R. D. ch.,..... 21 65
 Hannibal, Cong. ch..... 10 00
 New York City, Capt. T. R. Crichton..... 5 00
 Capt. J. F. Scott..... 2 00
 " J. Eaton..... 2 00
 " E. Crowell, Jr..... 2 00
 " J. B. Emerson..... 5 00
 " A. D. Colcord..... 3 00
 Shipmaster..... 1 50
 Mate and Crew of J. F. Chapman..... 5 00
 John Taylor Johnston, for Norfolk Bethel..... 50 00
 Swamper..... 50 00
 L. T. Merrill..... 10 00
 M. Armstrong..... 10 00
 An Invalid..... 5 00
 Palmyra, Pres. ch. S.S., ship's library, ... 12 00
 Pokeepsie, Mrs. M. J. Myers..... 25 00
 Rhinebeck, R. D. ch. S. S., ship's library, 12 00

NEW JERSEY.

Newark, a Friend..... 1 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Maunch Chunk, Pres. ch..... 65 50
 Pottsville, Bapt. ch..... 7 50
 English Lutheran ch..... 7 00
 Pres. ch..... 89 00
 Col. Frick..... 5 00
 George Beck..... 5 00
 York, S. Small..... 5 00

OHIO.

Bellbrook, Daniel Holmes..... 2 00

WISCONSIN.

Delavan, Cong. ch..... 15 00

NOVA SCOTIA.

A Friend (doubloons)..... 45 97

\$1,451 46

THE LIFE-BOAT.

OCTOBER, 1866.



Vol. 7.]

Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society

[No. 10.]

NAPOLEON AND THE ENGLISH SAILOR BOY.

In the year 1809, the French flotilla lay at Boulogne, waiting for an opportunity to make a descent upon the southern shores of England. Day after day Napoleon Bonaparte paced the beach, sweeping with his telescope the blue expanse of the Channel, watching the appearance or disappearance of the English fleets, that were cruising about, to intercept his design.

Among the Englishmen who were prisoners at Boulogne, was a sailor-boy, who was permitted to ramble about the town and the sea-shore, it being reckoned impossible for him to make his escape.

One day, as he was wandering along the beach, gazing sorrowfully across the waves towards the white cliffs of dear England, and thinking of his home among the green lanes of Kent, he saw an empty hogshead floating shorewards with the advancing tide. As soon as the depth of the water would permit, he ran into the sea, seized the barrel, shoved it to land, rolled it up the beach, and hid it in a cave. The thought of home had nerved his arm, and a bright idea had dawned upon him, and filled his heart with hope. He resolved to form a boat out of the barrel. With his clasp-knife

for his only tool, he cut the barrel in two. He then went to the wood, that lined the shore, and brought down some willow twigs, with which he bound the staves tightly together. During the time of his boat-building, he had frequently to leave the cave to watch the coming and going of the sentinels.

The sun was setting as he finished his labor. In the frail bark, he had so rudely and rapidly constructed, he was going to attempt to cross the Channel, fearless alike of its swift currents, and the storms that might arise. He returned to his lodging to eat his supper, and wait till darkness should set in.

Slowly, with the impatient prisoner, did the hours pass by; but the night came at last, and he set forth on his perilous undertaking.

By a circuitous route he reached the cave. The wind was moaning along the sea, telling of a coming storm, and not one star glimmered in the sky. "This is the darkest night I ever saw," said the sailor-lad to himself, "but so much the better for me;" and down he went towards the water, bearing his boat on his back. But alas! his hopes were to be disap-

pointed, as he was about to launch it, the sharp cry of "*qui vive?*" rang in his ear, and instantly the bayonet of a sentinel was pointed at his breast. He was taken to the encampment, placed in irons, and a guard set over him.

On the following morning, when Napoleon was, as usual, pacing the beach, he was informed of the attempted escape of the sailor-lad, and the means he had employed.

"Let the boy and his boat be brought before me," he said. The order was speedily obeyed. When Napoleon beheld the twig-bound half-barrel and the youthful form of the sailor, he smiled, and turning to the prisoner, said in a tone devoid of anger, for he admired the daring of the lad,—

"Did you mean to cross the Channel in such a thing as that? And last night of all nights! Why I would not have venture one of my gun-boats a mile from shore! But I see how it is." Napoleon looked compassionately at the prisoner who stood before him, with a countenance in which boldness, devoid of impudence was displayed. "I see how it is. You have a sweetheart over yonder, and you long to see her!"

"No, sire, I have no sweetheart."

"No sweetheart! What! A British sailor without a sweetheart!"

"I have a *mother*, sire, whom I have not seen for years, and whom I weary to see."

"And thou shalt see her, my brave British boy. A right noble mother she must be, to have reared so gallant a son! You shall be landed in England to-night. Take this," handing him a coin of gold, "it will pay your expenses home, after you are put on shore. Farewell."

As the grateful boy bowed his thanks, and walked away, Napoleon turned to one of his aide-de-camps, and said, "I wish I had a thousand men with hearts like that boy!"

Bonaparte was as good as his promise. That very day he dispatched a vessel, bearing a flag of truce, which landed the boy at Hastings, in the neighborhood of which was his mother's home.

It is not necessary to tell of the

meeting of mother and son: how they prayed their silent prayers of thankfulness; how they laid their heads on each others shoulders, and wept for very joy.

The sailor-lad rejoined the navy. Many and many a time afterwards, when disabled for service, was he sorely stressed by want; often was his clothing scanty, and his head without shelter; but the stongest and sternest of his necessities never could force him to part with the gift of the great Napoleon.

"Honor thy parents." The love of the lad for his mother had served in his hour of need, and had bestowed upon him its promised blessing. And as he, in his sorest necessity, would never part with the golden coin, so should we all, in our temptations and trials, never relinquish that coin, more precious than all the mintage of the world, our integrity; for while we bear it about with us intact, asking in prayer for strength to do so; the furnace of our temptations and trials shall be as harmless as that of Dura to the Three Children.

The deed of Napoleon was more glorious in the eyes of humanity, than if he had conquered a nation. The glory won by the sword is tarnished with blood, and sends sorrow and desolation into a thousand homes; but this simple act was greater than a victory on the battle-field, for by it Napoleon conquered two hearts by love, and filled with joy the home of a widow and an orphan boy.

R. P. S.

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Loan Libraries.

We give extracts below from numerous reports and notices of our Libraries at sea, now numbering *over Two Thousand*. They are doing incalculable good. Says one:

No. 878.—"I would here state that I have taken much interest in the library entrusted to my care. I have read it through, and some parts of it twice over, and have derived much benefit and instruction from the books. Some of my officers have also read the books. I should be pleased always to have a library on board, and would

do all I could to make it useful. I enclose two dollars, which please accept.

Your's very truly,
E. CROWELL, Jr.

No. 94.—Has been to Calcutta, and returned in good condition. "It is now at the Grand Banks, where it is doing good."

H. J.

No 1,387.—Has returned, and gone to San Francisco. "Has been very useful."

No. 1,374.—In good order at San Francisco. "What thanks can I render to God for His kindness."

C. M. S.

No. 2,027.—"Have had an opportunity to do good; have distributed the tracts. At the place where we stopped I loaned books, and a lodge of Good Templars had the Black Valley Railroad picture."

J. W.

No. 1,338.—"Books seem to have done my shipmates much good. All spare time was devoted to reading them. When the men got to quarreling, the books made their anger die away."

G. L.

No. 881.—The books have been eagerly sought for and read by the crews of two ships, and I have reason to believe that one man has found peace in believing."

J. H. B.

No. 2,013.—"Went to sea in the brig Aurate; crew were thankful for the books and tracts. The Black Valley Railroad was hung up in the cabin, and the temperance and other tracts were distributed among the crew."

J. N. B.

No. 883.—"Went to sea in the Arromeda, which was lost. The library was saved, and put on board the brig Sarah Ellen, for Pictou, N.S. May the Society reap an abundant harvest."

S. A.

No. 1,583.—Assigned to First Cong. Church Sabbath-School, Pittsfield, Mass., was sent to Marseilles, to be shipped by the Society's chaplain at that port. Capt. M. P. McElhinney writes us, in regard to it, as follows:

"We, my officers, wife, and self, wish to return our hearty thanks to

the Sabbath-School that provided us, through you, with so many interesting and useful books; also, to Rev. Mr. Hawkins, your chaplain, who, besides forwarding the library, held service on board our vessel while at Marseilles."

In the Librarian's Report we find this entry:—*June 30*—Buried at sea, John Sliney, passenger, who died yesterday. Used the burial service in the Seamen's Hymns—very appropriate."

No. 1,596.—"It gives me pleasure to send in my report connected with this library, on board ship J. F. Chapman, of New York, on a voyage to Europe and back to New York—a voyage of four months and thirteen days."

On 24th March we left New York, bound to port of Antwerp, Belgium. Our crew were fourteen seamen, twenty souls all told; of these, six were converted men—mate, second mate, and four seamen. We started, by the help of God, a prayer-meeting in the forecandle three times a week, Tuesday and Friday evenings and Sunday morning; and the Lord was with us, and blessed his own work in hopefully converting three young men before the end of the voyage. Others were deeply convicted of sin. Thus the Lord blessed the reading of his Word, and heard and answered our feeble prayers. In Antwerp we started a prayer-meeting ashore, and Brother Voskamp kindly opened his house for that purpose: but the Evil Spirit could not leave us there without some trouble. The house was pelted with stones, and great noise was made to disturb us; but we kept on praising God for his mercy and goodness toward us, and the Lord blessed our souls.

I am glad to say that we were joined by an English captain, and some of the seamen belonging to a steamer running between England and Antwerp; and they said they had run here for a number of years, but they never had such a blessed time as they had now. We had the pleasure of meeting Rev. J. H. Pettingell, American Seamen's Friend Society's Chaplain at the port of Antwerp, who was

glad to meet us, and led the meeting three times before our departure from Antwerp. We went to Cardiff, England, and there we had a blessed time on board of the Seaman's Bethel, and one of our men found peace with God in believing. On our passage home the Lord was with us, and another of our young men, that God had preserved through many dangers, was truly converted, and brought out from darkness to God's holy light.

I must say something about this young man. He was born in Portland, Maine, and was now twenty years of age. He served three years in the Union army during the late war, and through many battles God preserved his life. When the war was over, he went to sea, and on the first voyage the vessel foundered in a heavy gale. After three days out in a little boat, they were all picked up by a ship bound to Liverpool. In that place he shipped on board a ship bound to Mobile, and from there back to Liverpool. From there the ship came to Cardiff, and in that place himself and two other seamen fell from the upper deck on board of a large ship down into the lower hold, on top of stone ballast. Two of them were killed instantly, and this young man was brought senseless to the hospital, where he was left in charge of the United States Consul, who, about a month after, sent him home in our ship. When he arrived in New York he was well as to both soul and body, and he is now going home to tell his people what great things the Lord has done for him.

I am glad to say that some of your library books proved so much of a blessing to some of our men that they would not part with them, and I had to sell some. The funds received in that way I return with this report, and also a little collection raised for the library.

May our good Lord bless the noble efforts of the Seamen's Friend Society, that many wandering sailors may be brought home to God; and I hope the time will soon come when all shipmasters shall be preachers on board their own vessels, and strive to bring their men to the Lamb of God that took away the sins of the world. I

remain your humble servant in Christian love,

J. P. PEARSON, *Mate.*

No. 1812—On a voyage from New York to Turk's Island, and back to New York:

"It is some five or six years since I first had one of your loan libraries. I was then in the bark B. Colcord, and I have not been without one since. I can truly say they are a great benefit to sailors. I notice my crew improve every spare moment in reading their books. God only knows how much good they will do. There is the seed of truth in them, and there was never any such seed sown on good ground that did not spring up sooner or later, and bear a hundred fold. Surely sailors are not all bad ground. I have been trying to follow Christ (sometimes afar off) these ten years, and have seen during that time many instances of God's goodness and providential care over me and my people, and I have felt often His love shed abroad in my heart. I had some blessed time on the B. Colcord. It was on her that I first began to try to serve my Master. I hoisted the Bethel flag on her some six or seven years ago, and I have carried it ever since, and hoisted it, too, in every foreign port. I have tried to sow a little seed in my Master's vineyard, and hope it will spring up some time to his glory.

I thank you and the donors of the library. I enclose a donation from my crew of three dollars.

Respectfully your's,

A. D. COLCORD.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

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THE LIFE-BOAT is published for the purpose of diffusing information and awakening an interest more especially among the young, in the moral and religious improvement of seamen, and also to aid in the collection of funds for the general objects of the Society. Any Sabbath School or individual who will send us \$15 for a Loan Library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; one of One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$ —, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.

Loan Libraries for Ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall street, and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the Office or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman street.

For shipwrecked and destitute seamen are solicited from the Ladies, and the benevolent generally.
Also bedding, &c., for the Sailor's Home.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall street, and Boston, Tremont street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

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